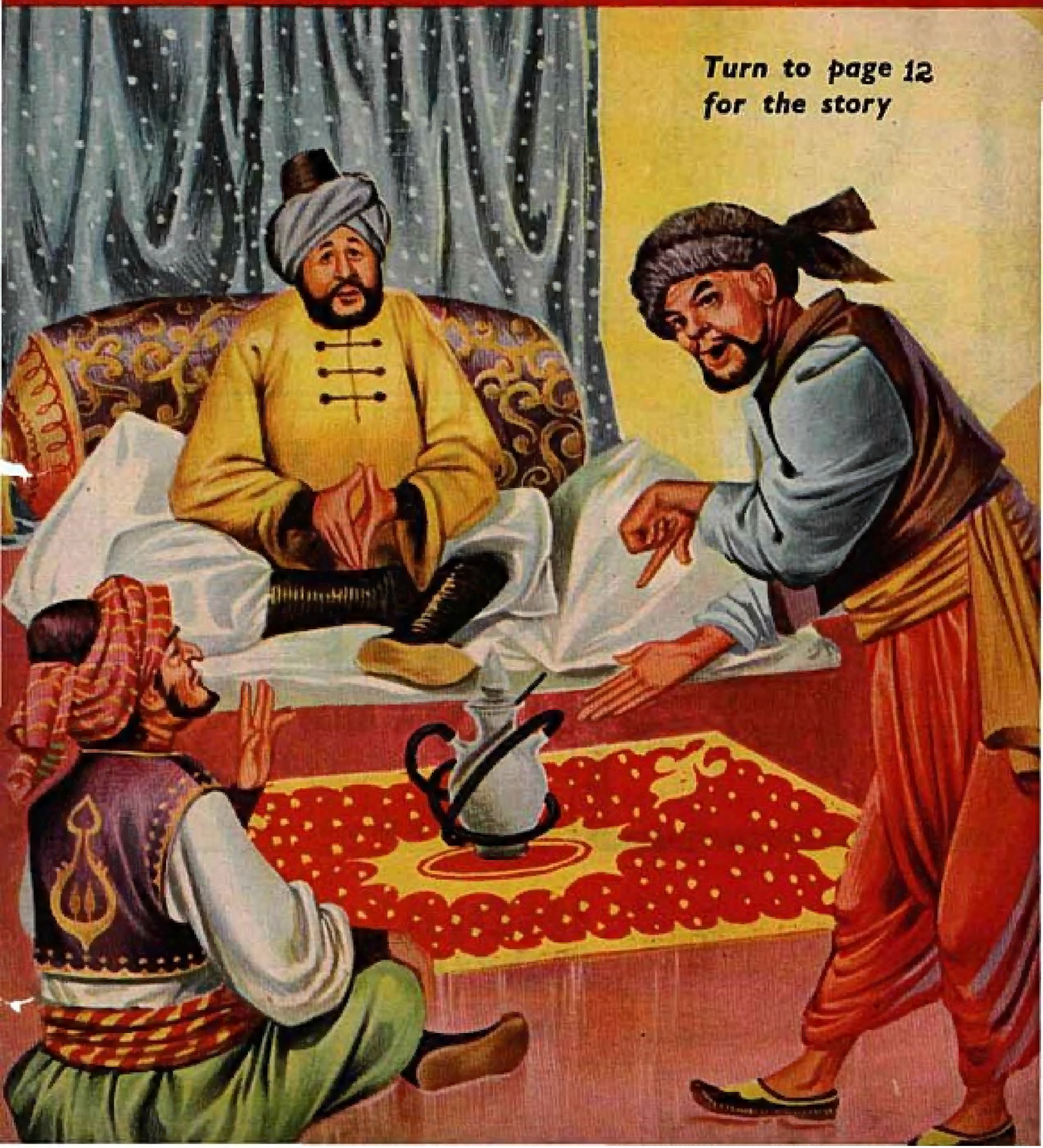


CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1974

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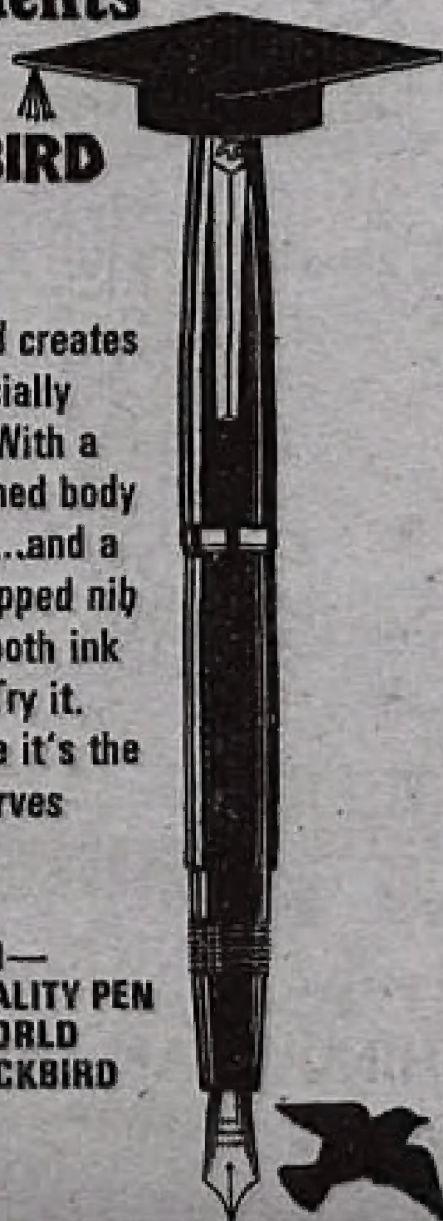
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FIVE TIGER WARRIOR

Long long ago there lived in China a poor lad named Tsu. He eked out a small living by cutting firewood. He lived with his mother, having lost his father at tender age.

One day he was cutting wood in the forest when he heard a soft moaning coming from a clump of bamboo shoots. As the clump was rather dense he could not see what it was that was making the noise. So with his axe on his shoulder he went towards the clump. He walked very carefully as the bamboos were sharp and he could well injure his feet if he put down his steps carelessly. Then he peered through a clearing of bamboos. There he saw a huge

tigress with its forepaw caught on a sharp, pointed bamboo. It could not draw its foot out and was growling in pain.

Moved by the helplessness of the animal, Tsu went home and told his mother, "Mother, Mother, I saw a tigress with its forepaw stuck on a sharp bamboo. We must save it. Please come with me."

So mother and son went to the forest and reached the place where the wounded tigress was growling with pain. Soon Tsu freed the tigress and his mother rubbed some ointment in its wound. The tigress seemed to understand that they meant her no harm. So it stood docilely while they nursed it. When

they were about to go away, the mother bowed to the tigress and said, "O tigress, we are poor people. That is why my son remains unwed. No one is willing to give a daughter to a poor boy. You must arrange for him to be married to a nice girl."

Having said this she went away. Tsu laughed to hear her simple words. As for the tigress it stood for a long time watching them. When they had disappeared from sight then only did it limp into a thick bush.

Some days later a rich man carried his daughter in a palanquin through the forest. The daughter was to be married to a rich man. Suddenly five tigresses appeared in Tsu's town out of the jungle and blocked their way. All the members of the retinue took fright and ran away. But the girl was not allowed to get down. The ferocious animals stood guard and did not allow any one to approach the palanquin.

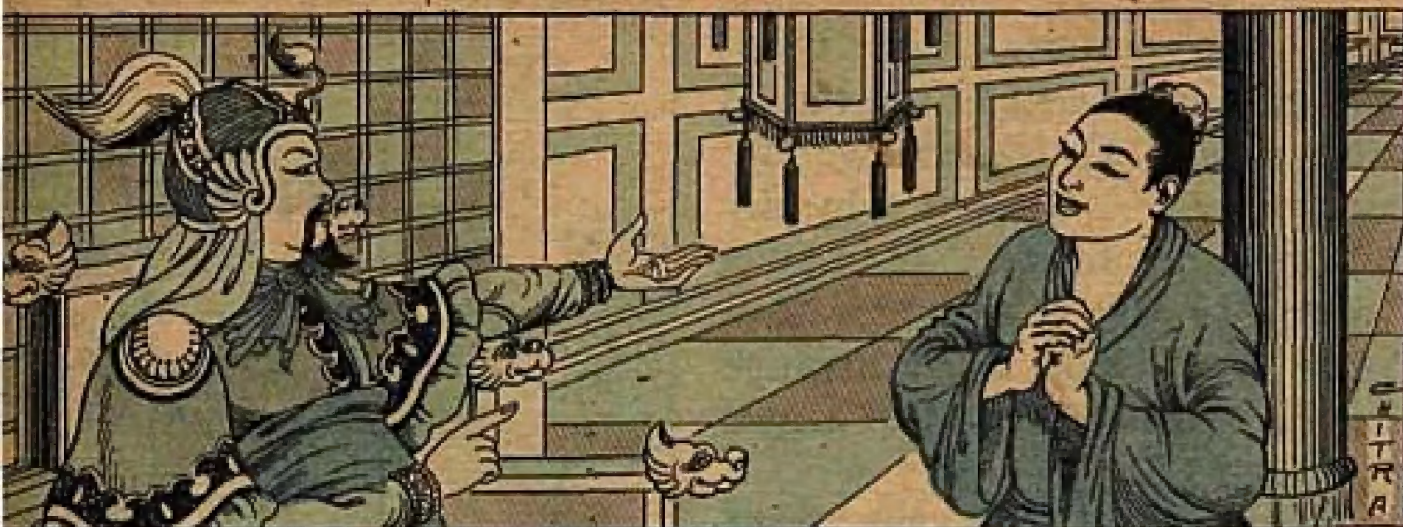
A little later Tsu heard someone knocking on the door. He opened it and was dumbfounded to see five tigers and a comely lass. The tigers smiled at him and leaving the girl behind loped



off. The handsome wood-cutter married the girl.

But soon the rich man found out all about his missing daughter. He became very angry. She had married a poor wood-cutter. So he filed a suit in the court against Tsu and his mother on a charge of enticing his daughter away from his lawful custody. Tsu was asked to explain his conduct and he related how the tigers had conducted the girl to his presence. Of course everyone pooh-poohed his account and even the Magistrate refused to believe him.

Then Tsu's mother declared



hat she would bring the tigers as witnesses. The Magistrate laughed and said, "You'll bring the tigers to speak for you! Very well, do your best but until then Tsu remains in Jail."

So Tsu's mother went to the forest and in a short time returned with the tigers to the court. Naturally everyone ran off in fright except the Magistrate who was paralysed with fear. Then recovering himself he asked the tigers whether it was true that they had brought the girl to the wood-cutter's house. The tigers growled in the affirmative. Satisfied, the Magistrate dismissed the charges against Tsu.

That year the cannibals from the forest raided the city and the King was powerless to defend the people. Then some citizens spoke to him about the wood-cutter and his five tigers. If anyone could save the city, it is Tsu. So Tsu was sent for. Bowing to the wishes of the King, Tsu sent his tigers against the cannibals who fell back under the fierce onslaught of the wild animals. In fact all the animals of the jungle came to Tsu's aid and the cannibals were entirely routed. Out of gratitude the King made Tsu the commander of all his forces and gave him the title, Five-Tiger Warrior.

RIDDLE

Which of your relations are always in need of you ?

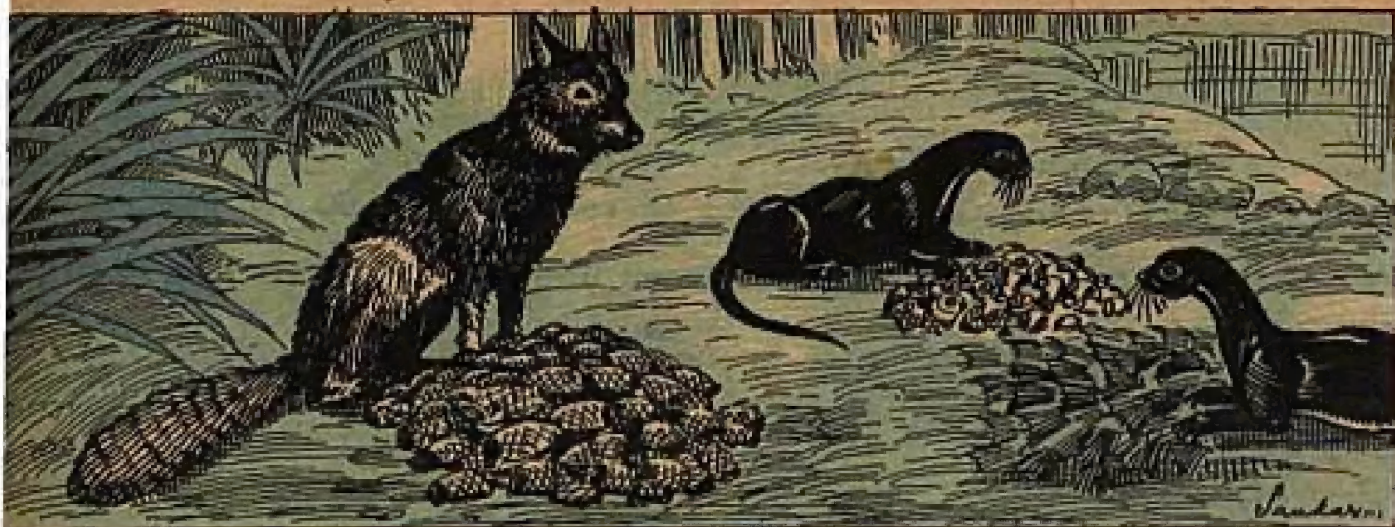
Aunts, uncles, cousins, because they cannot exist without U (you).

ANSWER

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Here are eighteen questions based on myths and legends. They are not easy so if you get stumped ask your father or turn to page 60 for the answers

1. What were the names of the twin brothers who are said to have founded Rome?
2. Which maiden in Greek mythology lost a race because she stopped to pick up a golden apple?
3. Which metal's name is the Roman name of the Greek God Hermes, who wore winged sandals?
4. Who were the three sisters who turned all who looked upon them into stone?
5. Which mountain did the Greeks regard as the home of the Gods?
6. Ulysses blinded a cyclops. What was his name?
7. Who was the leader of the Argonauts?
8. For how many years did Rip Van Winkle sleep?
9. Who was supposed to have told the collection of stories known as the Arabian Nights?
10. Who rescued Andromeda from a sea-monster?
11. Who was said to ride the legendary winged horse Pegasus?
12. Which legendary monster was kept in a labyrinth?
13. Who was the king who was granted the wish that everything he touched would turn into gold?
14. How many labours was Hercules called upon to perform?
15. Which bird cremated itself every five hundred years and rose rejuvenated from its own ashes?
16. Whose curiosity made her open a forbidden box and release all human evils?
17. The Greeks named the king of the Gods Zeus. What did the Romans call him?
18. Who was the hero of the German Nibelungenlied?



THE FOX'S JUDGEMENT

When Grandpa came home with a basketful of mangoes, the children jumped with joy. Then they began to quarrel about who should get the biggest and the most juicy portion of the mangoes once they were sliced. Grandpa shouted at them to be quiet and said, "Why are you fighting like kilkenny cats? Each one of you is worried that he has not got the bigger portion of the fruit. Let me tell you the story of two creatures who fared no better for thinking so."

At once the children stopped quarrelling and sat round the old story-teller to hear him spin out a delightful yarns.

Grandpa took out his silver snuff box and held up a pinch of the stuff before his nose. Then he sneezed once, and after

dusting himself with a bright orange coloured handkerchief began his story.

Long ago near the shore of a big river lived two otters. They lived by eating the fish that abounded in the water. The otters would splash about in the water and cause the fish to land on the shore. Then they would pounce upon them and kill them. This was a little bit tricky as some times the fish flipped back into the water. Moreover, it was a tiresome process as eating the fish after catching them one by one was hardly satisfying. The otters could make a contented meal only when they had heaped up a lot of fish on the shore.

One day the otters decided upon a new method. One would stand on the shore and kill the

fish as they were flipped through the air by the other otter who would be in the water. In this manner both otters managed to heap up a sizable quantity of fish on the shore. But the trouble arose when they wanted to divide the catch between them. Each one wanted more. Soon both were quarrelling bitterly.

Just then a lone fox came up to them and saw the heap of fish lying on the ground. The cunning animal decided to deprive the otters of their catch. So the fox pretended to be sympathetic and asked the fighting otters, "What is the matter? Why are you fighting so?"

So the otters told the fox what they had done and how they were unable to apportion the fish to each.

The fox said, "Do not worry. I'll show you how it can be done."

Then calling the otter which had stood on the shore, the fox said, "Now look here. Your friend who got into the river took a lot of trouble in flipping the fish on to the shore. Therefore he should get the bigger portion of the catch. What do you say?"

The otter said, "You are



right." Then the fox went to the other otter and said, "Your friend who stood on the shore made sure that the fish did not slip back into the waters. So he deserves a bigger portion. Agreed?"

The otter said, "True."

Then the fox cut up each fish into three bits and gave the head to one otter, the tail to the other and kept the fleshy part for himself.

Grandpa ended the story and said, "So you see what happened to those who quarrel? Each one was eager for more and the fox which mediated took away the best portions. So be satisfied with what you get."

THE LITTLE JUDGE

Many hundreds of years ago, Harun El Rascid ruled the land of Persia. Instead of being called a King, was called a Caliph (say it Cae-lif). His palace was in the city of Bagdad, where there lived a merchant named Ali Cogia.

At that time, many of the Persian people were making journeys to Mecca, their holy city, for it was part of their religion to do so, if possible. Ali Cogia was among those who wanted to go to Mecca, but he knew that he would be gone from Bagdad for a long time, so he decided to sell his business. Another merchant paid him two thousand gold coins for his shop. Ali Cogia used one thousand gold coins to buy goods to sell while on his journey to Mecca and joined the camel train that was going to make the journey to the holy city.

"I will not take the other thousand gold coins with me, in case I am robbed," he said, so he put them in a big clay jar and covered them with fresh

olives, about the same size and shape as small green plums. Then he took the jar to the home of a friend, who was a baker. "Tomorrow I am going to Mecca," he said. "Please look after this jar of olives until I return to Bagdad."

"Of course," said the baker. "I will give you the keys to my warehouse and you may put your jar wherever you wish inside it. It will be safe in there." Ali Cogia thanked his friend and put his precious jar away.

The next morning Ali Cogia left Bagdad, seated on one camel and followed by other camels piled high with goods to sell on the way to Mecca.

Ali Cogia stayed longer in Mecca than he had planned to, because he had done some excellent business and had bought and sold many goods. He was so encouraged, that he decided to travel on in the hope of finding more trade. He journeyed to other lands, to cities such as Cairo and Damascus. Everywhere he went, he found that trade was good. For seven

long years he travelled around, buying and selling.

One night, in Bagdad, Ali Cogia's baker friend was about to begin his evening meal and he realised that there were no olives in the house. Then he remembered Ali Cogia's jar. "I have got the olives belonging to Ali Cogia in my warehouse," he said to his wife. "Surely, after all this time he will not be coming back, but even if he did, I know he would not be grudge me a few olives to eat with my evening meal."

"You should not take them without his knowledge," advised the baker's wife. The man would not listen to her and he went to look for the clay jar. He found that the olives were dry and withered, but to make sure that they were all bad, he turned the contents on to the floor. Imagine his surprise when he saw all the gold pieces, falling in glittering piles at his feet. He went back to his wife and told her that he had decided not to take any of the olives.

The next morning he greedily took the gold coins from the jar, filled it with fresh olives, then put it in the place he had found it.

Exactly one month later, Ali



Cogia arrived at the baker's house and asked for his jar of olives. "It is where you left it," said the baker. The merchant took the jar to his home and discovered that the gold was gone. At once he returned to the baker. "I left one thousand gold coins in that jar," he said, "and now I cannot find them underneath the olives. If you needed them, I am not angry. You may repay me whenever you can afford to do so."

Despite Ali Cogia's kindness, the baker said that he knew nothing about the money. That made Ali Cogia angry and he said: "Very well, I shall take my case to the Cadi."

The Cadi was the magistrate of Bagdad and he was considered to be a wise man. Yet, even in front of him, the baker



declared that he knew nothing about any gold. "There is no evidence against the baker," said the Cadi. "Therefore if he swears that he is innocent, I shall let him go." Of course, the baker swore that he was innocent and was allowed to go free.

The next evening, the grand Caliph Harun El Rascid was walking past a poor courtyard, when he heard some boys playing. "I will be the Cadi," shouted one lively lad. "Bring the baker and Ali Cogia to me." Two boys playing the parts of the baker and Ali Cogia were led before the make-believe Cadi.

The young Cadi asked to taste the olives from the clay jar that the boys were pretend-

ing was the one from the baker's warehouse. He tasted one and said, "This is a very juicy olive. How have you been able to keep it so fresh for seven years, baker? My experts tell me that these olives in Ali Cogia's jar could not be more than a few months old." Then the young Cadi gave sentence: "Accused, you have lied and you deserve no mercy. You will be executed."

The next morning the Caliph sent one of his palace officials to fetch the boy who had played the part of the Cadi. The boy was frightened when he heard the message, but the official patted him on the shoulder and said: "There is no need to be afraid. The Caliph only wants to talk to you." The boy

dressed himself in his best clothes and went to the palace.

In the throne room, Caliph Harun El Rascid told the boy, whose name was Hamid, that he had heard the game Hamid and his friends had been playing the previous night. Then the Caliph added: "Today you will see the real Cadi and the real baker and merchant. Come, sit beside me."

When everybody was ready for the trial to begin, the Caliph said: "Young Hamid here will judge the case. Should he need any help, I will be here to help him." Hamid listened while the baker and Ali Cogia told their stories about the gold and the olives. Then, just as he had done in his game, he tasted the olives and said how fresh they were. This time, however, the Caliph asked for the opinion of real experts. They said that the olives were only a few months old. So the baker was found out and had to confess.

The Caliph thought that the shame was enough punishment for the baker, so long as he paid back the money to Ali Cogia, which he did. The real Cadi was ashamed, too, because everybody had seen that a little boy had shown more wis-

dom than he had done. The Cadi vowed to think more carefully in the future.

The Caliph thanked Hamid and sent him home with a present. "I am so grateful," said the Caliph, "because now, I know that justice has been done."





WHY THE SEA IS SALTY

had bought it with a silver coin he had found in the road.

"Chicken pie! How lucky am I," he chanted to himself. Then he grew tired of that rhyme and made up another one. "Roast chicken wing. A meal for a king," he chanted, over and over again.

He was not really a good poet at all and none of his rhymes satisfied him, so he tried to think of another one. "Chicken and peas..." he began, but try as he would, he could not think of anything to rhyme with peas and the more he thought about chicken and peas the more his mouth began to water.

As he walked along, trying to think of a word to rhyme with peas, he heard a voice say: "Good morning, my good friend. What is worrying

One day, a poor peasant was walking along a country road. He was very poor indeed. There were holes in his shoes and patches on his clothes, but he was a very happy man. He walked with a jaunty air and as he went, he made up little rhymes and chanted them to himself. He was happy because he carried a chicken under one arm and he was thinking of the delicious meal of roast chicken which he was soon to eat. It was the first chicken he had had for a long time and he

you?" The peasant looked up and saw, by the side of the road, an old man in a black coat. The peasant stopped. "Good morning, sir," he said. "I have here a fine chicken I have just bought in the market. I am thinking of the wonderful meal it will make when I get home and cook it."

"Indeed, it is a very fine chicken," said the old man and he looked at the bird hungrily. "I am very old and very hungry and I could just eat a nice chicken. Will you give me your chicken for my dinner?"

The poor peasant was horrified. "Give you my fine chicken?" he said. "And what should I have for myself to eat? Besides, I was looking forward to a nice, chicken dinner."

"You are young and strong and can easily earn more money," said the old man, "but as you see, I am too old to work. If you do not give me the chicken, I shall starve."

The peasant scratched his head thoughtfully. He was quite a kind man at heart and he did not want to see the old man starve, so he sadly handed him the chicken.

Now the old man in the black coat was really a magician and

as he put the chicken under his coat, he pulled out a rusty, dirty old coffee grinder. "Take this, in return for your chicken, my friend," said the magician. "Guard it carefully, for it is a very unusual grinder. If you say to it 'Grinder, grinder, keep on turning,' it will give you whatever you ask for. To stop it you must say, 'Grinder, grinder, stop your churning'."

The peasant took the coffee grinder, but he thought it a poor return for his fine, plump chicken. However, he turned to say thank you, but to his sur-





prise the old man had disappeared.

The peasant went on his way home and when he got there he threw the coffee grinder into a corner of the room. Then he got some bread and cheese from the cupboard and made himself a meal.

The poor peasant, carried on working from morning till night and earned just enough money to buy his food. Then the day came when he had no work and when he went to the cupboard there was not a thing to eat.

As he sat thinking how hungry he was, he noticed the coffee grinder, lying in the corner, where he had thrown it. He picked it up and said,

"Grinder, grinder, keep on turning." To his surprise, the handle began to turn round. "I want sausages," he said boldly. Immediately, sausages poured out of the machine and dropped on to the floor. "Cheese!" said the man. "Cakes! Fruit! Pies! Sweets! Jellies!" Each thing he asked for came out of the grinder. He ate until he was so full he could eat no more.

With the wonderful grinder, life was very pleasant. All his food was provided and he did not have to work all day, as he done before.

One day, he took a walk along the cliffs and when he felt tired he went down on to the beach and lay down on the sand. As he lay there, fast asleep, a pirate ship landed and before the poor man had time to know what was happening, he was tied up and taken on board. Then the ship sailed away. At first the poor man was left locked in the hold, but after a time he was taken to Captain Blackbeard, the pirate leader. "A prisoner," he cried. "He looks too poor to pay us ransom money, so he shall be made to walk the plank. He will make a great splash when he falls off

the end into the sea and may be a big fish will come and eat him up."

"Stop a moment," stammered the poor man. "It is true I have no money, but I have a wonderful coffee grinder."

"A coffee grinder? What use is that to us?" roared Captain Blackbeard and he laughed loudly when he saw the rusty old thing the peasant pulled out of his pocket. "Just wait a moment," said the man. "What do you want most?"

"Gold, of course. All pirates want gold," roared Captain Blackbeard.

"Then you shall have gold," said the peasant and he turned to the grinder. "Grinder, grinder, keep on turning and give me gold," he said. Gold poured over the deck.

"Stop, stop," begged Captain Blackbeard. "The ship will sink." The peasant stopped the grinder.

Just then, the ship was passing an island and the pirates were so busy scrambling for the gold pieces that they hardly noticed the peasant jump into the sea and swim away for dear life. (He reached the island, and the islanders liked him so much that they made him their

king, but that is quite another story.)

As he had left the coffee grinder behind, the pirates did not mind whether he escaped or not.

"We can live in comfort for the rest of our days. We will sail for the shore and spend our money," called Captain Blackbeard. "But first we had better have some salt. We have none left in our supplies. Grinder, grinder, keep on turning and give me some salt," he ordered.

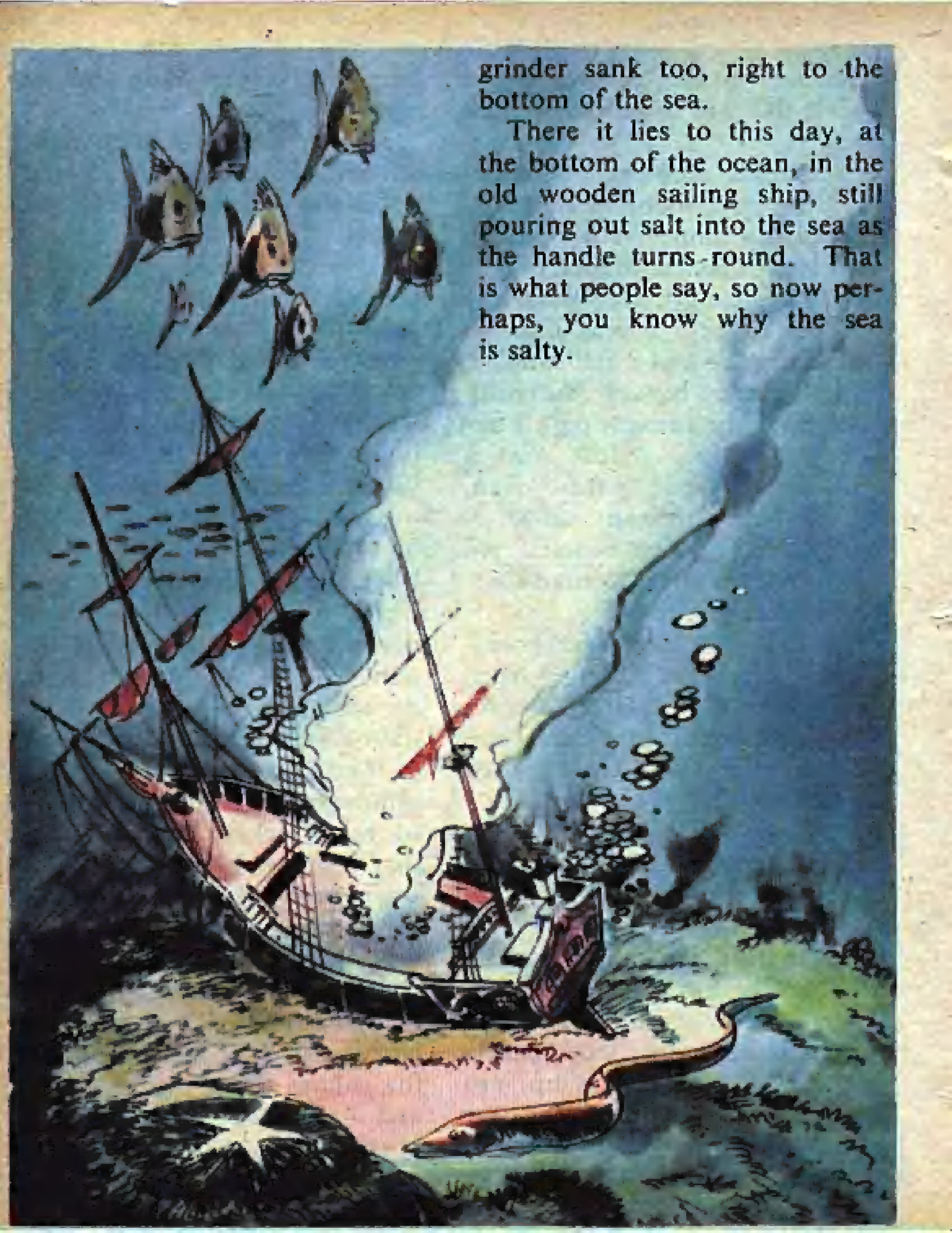
The salt poured out like flour from a mill. "Stop, stop, that's enough," shouted Captain Blackbeard, but the grinder took no notice. The pirates tried everything they could think of, but they could not stop the grinder turning. They had been so busy picking up gold that they had not heard the peasant when he commanded the grinder to stop.

Soon the wooden sailing ship could not bear the weight of all the gold and all the salt. It had spread over the decks, into the cabins, down into the hold and had piled in great heaps in the galley.

The ship sank, with all the pirates on board and the coffee

grinder sank too, right to the bottom of the sea.

There it lies to this day, at the bottom of the ocean, in the old wooden sailing ship, still pouring out salt into the sea as the handle turns round. That is what people say, so now perhaps, you know why the sea is salty.





Friar Tuck and Little John had been captured by soldiers of the Sheriff of Nottingham and taken to his castle as prisoners. Robin Hood gathered his outlaws and marched to the rescue of his friends.

They were not so lucky as they had hoped to be, for as they came in sight of Nottingham City, a soldier saw them walking across the fields. "Hundreds of outlaws are here," he exclaimed. "I must ride fast to the Sheriff!"



The soldier came galloping into the courtyard, shouting his news to the Sheriff. "The outlaws are coming. There must be hundreds of them, my lord." The Sheriff gasped with surprise. He had not expected Robin Hood so soon.



Robin's men were seen, however, by a Norman soldier who rode quickly to warn the Sheriff. "My Lord," he cried, "I've seen hundreds of outlaws marching to the city." "We can soon deal with them," sneered the Sheriff of Nottingham.

"Sound the alarm," shouted the Sheriff. "Close the gates and man the walls." Soldiers came running from here and there to carry out his orders. The Sheriff knew he dared not leave anything to chance when up against Robin Hood.



Sir Geoffrey Malpert, who commanded the Norman soldiers, placed his bowmen armed with deadly crossbows, high up on the castle walls. "We'll make those Saxon bowmen very sorry they ever dared to attack us," he said savagely.

When everything was in readiness to defend the castle, he reported to the Sheriff. "The outlaws are coming nearer, but we are prepared," he said. The Sheriff chuckled with evil satisfaction. "Bring the prisoners up," he ordered. Soldiers were sent down to the dungeons. "Come on, you dogs," they ordered Little John and Friar Tuck. "Robin Hood is going to see you whipped." Meanwhile, Robin and his



outlaws from Sherwood Forest poured into Nottingham and headed for the castle. Robin divided his band into three. Will Scarlet took one party to the right while Much the Miller took one to the left. Robin commanded the band in the centre and he advanced on the castle without more ado. With a great cheer, the outlaws followed Robin, charging towards the grim walls of Nottingham Castle, anxious to rescue their comrades.





Unknown to Robin, Maid Marian and her friend Gwen were with his band, disguised with cloaks and hoods. "We'll stay with Robin's band," whispered Marian to Gwen. "Mind he doesn't see you, or he'll send us back to Sherwood."

After leaving the outskirts of the city, the outlaws had to charge across open ground to reach the castle. A sentry on top of a low tower saw them coming and he shouted the alarm. "The outlaws are coming," he yelled.



Robin and his gallant men were even then charging up the hill to the castle walls. He ordered his men to fire and they sent a shower of arrows at the battlements. "Make it straight and true, lads," shouted Robin to his archers.

A great shower of arrows swept the walls of the castle, and the Norman bowmen had to take cover from the deadly shafts. The lonely sentry on top of the low tower fell to the ground, badly wounded. The grim battle had begun.



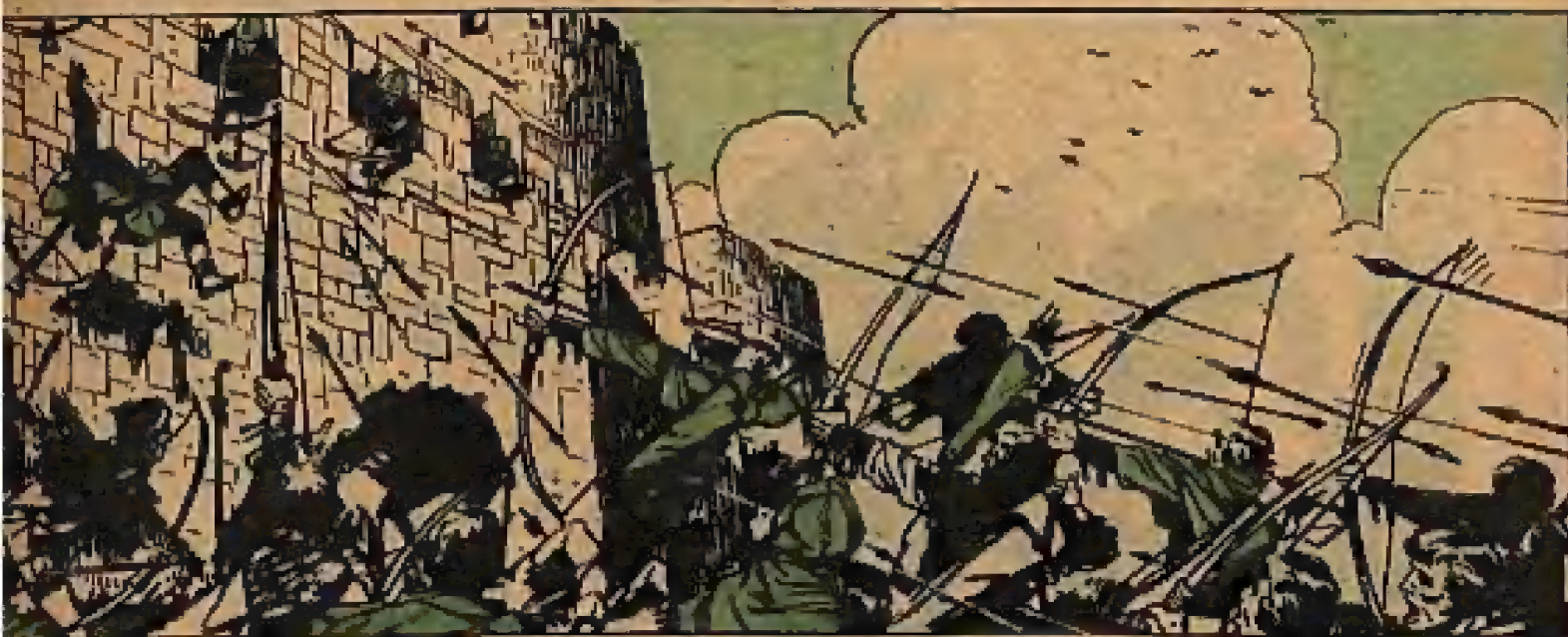
The sentry who first saw the outlaws coming fell badly wounded in the courtyard. The Sheriff of Nottingham had felt sure Robin would try to rescue his friends but not for a moment had he expected anything so daring as this.

Little John and Friar Tuck were brought up from the cell under the castle. The Sheriff said he would have them whipped on the walls where Robin and his men could see, but now he changed his mind. "It must wait!" he growled.





Little John and Friar Tuck laughed at him. "If your men try whipping us on the walls and Robin sees them, then the arrows will fly!" chuckled Little John. The Sheriff knew it to be true. His men would quickly be shot down. The arrows were flying thick and fast at that very same moment. It was a very hard struggle.



Even then it did not seem possible that Robin Hood and his outlaws could ever break into Nottingham Castle as the walls were so thick. But Robin knew what to do. While his bowmen were keeping the Normans busy on the walls, he shouted to the rest of his men: "Bring up the battering ram, lads. We'll smash our way through the gates." The outlaws ran to obey.



WHAT DOES A DIAMOND LOOK LIKE?

Long ago there lived a certain merchant who traded in diamonds. Though he amassed a great fortune he was a dishonest man, and got the bulk of his wealth through unfair means.

A poor farmer was his neighbour. Now this merchant had long coveted the land of his neighbour and tried to persuade the latter to sell it to him. But the farmer would not agree as his house was an ancestral property. The merchant became angry and began to harass the farmer in many ways. At last he sought the help of a ruffian called Manik. He told him, "Manik, this farmer who lives next to my house is a veritable

nuisance. I propose to teach him a lesson. Well, I am going to complain to the king that he has stolen a precious diamond from me. You must be my witness and confirm what I say. I'll pay you well for this."

Manik agreed to do as requested.

Next day, the merchant lodged a complaint with the king and cited Manik as a witness to the fact that the farmer had stolen a precious diamond. So the king sent for Manik and questioned him regarding the theft.

"Manik, you say you saw the farmer steal the diamond. Describe the stone to me."



Now Manik did not expect this and in all his life he had never seen a diamond. He thought about it and an idea struck him. He had with him a fishing rod and tackle, and holding it before the king, he said, "The diamond was as big as this rod."

Surprised the king turned to the merchant and said, "Do you sell diamonds the shape of this fishing rod?"

The merchant was in a quan-

dary and did not know what to say.

Manik wanting to be helpful added quickly, "Once when I had lost my tackle, my father scolded me and said, 'Fool, you have lost a diamond of a fishing rod'. Since then I know that a diamond is like a fishing rod."

At once the king understood that the merchant had sought to implicate the poor farmer in a false case. He sentenced him to a long term in the prison.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. D. N. Shirke



Mr. D. N. Shirke

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st August.
- Winning captions will be announced in OCTOBER issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in June Issue

The Prize is awarded to
Master Ashwin Pandit,
G/4 Saraswat Colony,
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BOMBAY-400 054.

Winning Entry — 'Feline Kinship' — 'Canine Friendship'



Bomma and Bommi

Long ago amongst the green hills of Assam lived a dwarf family. The man was known as Bomma and the wife named Bommi. They were a happy couple and led a contented life.

A time came when there was an acute scarcity of water in the village. So, many villagers packed their belongings and left the village. Bomma and Bommi loaded their worldly goods in a wooden perambulator and followed the example of the others.

Their path lay through a dense forest. After they had travelled some distance they stopped to rest under the comforting shade of a big tree. Now there lived on the tree a pair of mischievous elves. They decided to tease the dwarf

couple and have some fun. So they changed into the likenesses of Bomma and Bommi and came towards the couple pushing a wooden boxcart.

The real dwarfs were not a little astonished to see their own replicas advancing towards them.

The pair of elves stopped before the stunned couple and the man said, "Hallo, there, My name is Bomma. This is my wife Bommi. I came to visit my father-in-law. Now we are going back to our village."

The true Bomma recovered from his stupor and not wanting to engage in any conversation turned to his wife to make her leave with him. What was his surprise to find two women looking alike standing side by

side! He did not know which was the real Bommi. So tentatively he pulled the hand of one and said, "Come dear, let us go." At once the elf Bomma let out a howl and said, "Stop. That is my wife you are pulling at."

The real Bommi said, "Hai, Hai, husband of mine, have you gone mad?"

The false Bommi sidled up to the real Bomma and said, "Here I am, dear, let us go." At this the real Bommi shrieked in anguish and the false Bomma hopped on one leg shouting that he was being robbed of his wife.

Poor Bomma's head swam in confusion. Passers-by stopped to watch the fun, and soon there was a big crowd betting on Bomma's odds in discovering the true Bommi. At last the two pairs of husbands and wives went to the local magistrate to resolve their disputes.

Now it so happened that the magistrate was also a dwarf. He was no wiser than the others and in desperation ordered all the four to be whipped so soundly that the false ones would have to confess the truth. So all the four were beaten until they were black and blue and

out of breath. But still the truth could not be established as all of them, groaning under the pain, could hardly speak.

Just then the Chief Minister of the land happened to be riding past. He heard the desperate wailing of the tortured couples. So he stopped his horse and bellowed at the tiny magistrate, "Is this how you mete out justice to the people? I am ashamed of you."

"Sire," said the magistrate, "Here is a strange case indeed. Two pairs of couples are as identical as peas in a pod. We cannot divide them into two couples!"



The minister was amused to hear this. So he said, "How can you solve the mix-up by giving them a beating?"

"Oh, the guilty ones are bound to confess when they can no longer endure the pain."

"Nonsense," snorted the minister who had by then deduced that the whole thing was a mischief played by some spirit.

"I think this is the work of some forest spirit. Go and get Ram Ojha. He is a wise man who knows many spells. His mumbo-jumbo will drive out the spirits."

So the magistrate ordered that Ram Ojha be brought to the place. But as soon as the elves heard that a witch doctor was on his way to throw his spells on them, they disappeared without a trace leaving the real

Bomma and Bommi standing disconsolately on the road.

At once the minister declared, "These are the real ones." Then turning to them said, "Go your way. But do not tarry to talk to spirits on the way."

So Bomma and Bommi went their way after heaving a sigh of relief at the satisfactory manner in which the whole affair had ended.

But the magistrate was perplexed. He said, "But who is Ram Ojha? We know of no such person in the village!"

The minister replied airily, "Oh, I just invented that name to scare off the spirits. The name is enough. Why do we need a person at all?" So saying he galloped off in a cloud of dust, leaving the tiny magistrate to scratch his head.





NEED FOR HUMILITY

Once upon a time there was a king who was renowned for his justice and wisdom. One day he went to the forest to hunt and as ill-luck would have it was separated from his men. Tired after the chase and bewildered because he was lost, the king staggered on until he came to a lonely hermitage.

The lonely hermit was deep in prayer when the king fell before him out of exhaustion.

Piteously he implored the recluse to give him some food as he was hungry. Without opening his eyes the hermit said, "Fellow, stay here tonight by all means. The king of this land is just and wise. Therefore whatever you eat here will taste sweet and nice."

The king blushed to hear his own praise but did as he was bid. He gathered some wild fruits and leaves and began to eat them. Great was his surprise to discover that even the bitterest fruit tasted nice! Soon his hunger was appeased, and after some time he set out to find his lost companions. He found them anxiously searching for him. Then he returned to the palace safely.

Now the king's vanity began to raise its head. He wanted everyone to know what a just and honourable King he was. So he invited all the lords and noblemen of his land of a sumptuous feast at the palace. Then he called his royal chef and ordered him to pick the bitter



gourd from the forest and prepare a nice curry with it. The leaves of the neem tree were ground into a paste to make a pudding. Came the day of the feast and the king sat down to eat. But no sooner had he tasted the curry then he realised that it tasted brackish and bitter. Quickly he ordered his chef to serve the usual items which were not so bitter after all. Hiding his chagrin, the King waited until all the guests had departed. Then he got on his horse, and galloped off into the forest. Arriving at the hermitage, he jumped down from the horse and bowed to the hermit. Then he said, "Holy Sir, I am the king of this land. One night, long ago, I rested

here and ate all the bitter fruits which somehow tasted sweet. In explanation you said that as the king was just and wise, everything would taste sweet. But when I took the same things to the palace they tasted bitter. How could this happen?"

The hermit smiled, knowingly and said, "Upto that time vanity had not entered your heart and you ruled justly and well. But today you have become vain and arrogant about your qualities. Hence the sweetness of humility left you and everything around you became bitter as before."

The king hung his head in shame at his own conceit and retraced his steps towards the palace, a much chastened man.

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GREED LOSES ALL

Long ago, there lived a farmer named Madho. Though he had a number of cows to graze, feed, and milk he appointed no assistant and did everything himself.

Naturally, he found it difficult to manage and decided to sell his cows at the fair. At least he would get some money which would help him to start a new business.

So he went to the fair driving his cows before him. As he was passing through a forest some bandits attacked him and ran off with his cows after securely binding him to a tree.

Poor Madho began to weep at this misfortune. A forest spirit that dwelt in the tree took pity on him and said, "Madho, don't weep; I'll give you fifty cows to replace the ones you have lost."

Next minute fifty cows stood before Madho. He said, "O beneficent spirit, I don't know whether I'll be able to drive them safely to the cattle fair. So, instead of the cows, if you give me their price, I will be very happy."

The spirit smiled and asked, "All right, what is their price?"

Madho said, "At the rate of hundred rupees per cow, it would come to five thousand rupees."

The spirit kissed the ring on its finger and hey-presto! a big bag of jingling coins fell before him. When Madho tried to lift it he found it very heavy. So he said to the spirit, "I'll find it difficult to carry all this money. If you give me another cow, my task would be easier."

The spirit waved its hand

and a cow stood before Madho. As the farmer was lifting the bag on to the back of the cow, a thought struck him and he said, "O Spirit, what will you do with all these cows? Give them to me and I'll take them home."

The spirit agreed and Madho assembled all the cows. Then another thought struck him and he said, "O good Spirit, I want neither the cows nor the money. Just give me the ring with which you materialised all these things, and I'll never ask you for another thing."

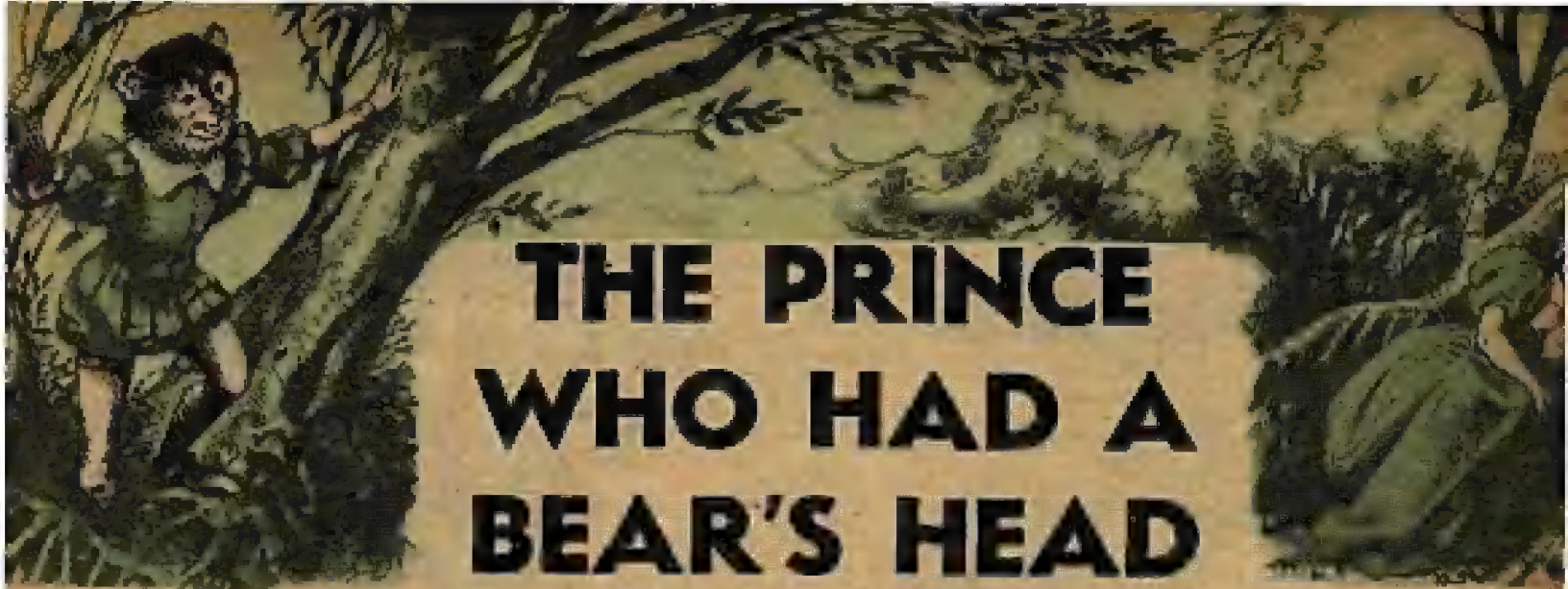
The spirit laughed and remarked, "Madho, Don't ask

for that. Surely you'll be disappointed. Be satisfied with what you have."

But Madho would not listen and began to plead. The spirit would not give him the ring, despite his entreaties. At last, in desperation, Madho tried to snatch away the ring, and the next instant the spirit vanished and with it, all the cows and all the money.

Madho was left to stand disconsolately under the tree. Greed had so blunted his senses that he had paid no heed to the words of the spirit. Desiring more and more, he lost everything in the end.





THE PRINCE WHO HAD A BEAR'S HEAD

Once upon a time, in a far distant land, there lived a queen called Amata. Amata's dearest wish was to have a son and one day a baby was born to her. The baby was a boy, but when Amata saw him, she shrieked and fell into a faint, for he had the head of a bear. When Amata opened her eyes, the Good Fairy was standing by her bedside. The Good Fairy did her best to comfort the sorrowful king and queen.

"The Wicked Fairy is angry because you did not invite her to your wedding," said the Good Fairy. "She has put a spell on your son and changed his head into that of a bear. Take your son away to the country, where the Wicked Fairy cannot find him and do him any more harm. Do not worry, for although he has a bear's head, he will grow up with a kind and

loving nature and he will be very clever and brave. There is one chance for your son to break the spell. I cannot do it for him, but I can tell you that if he finds someone who loves him enough to change heads with him and wear the head of a bear, the prince will again have his own head."

The Good Fairy told them that his name was to be Prince Wondrous, then she disappeared.

The queen found a kind nurse to look after the baby and sent them away to a small cottage in the country, where Prince Wondrous grew up. Everyone called him Bear and he grew up very lonely indeed, for although he had a kind and gentle nature, everyone who saw him was frightened and ran away at once.

One day, as Bear was walking



in the woods around the cottage feeling very miserable, he saw a girl sleeping under a tree. As Bear gazed at her, he thought she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. When the girl opened her eyes and saw a bear's head gazing at her, she was very frightened; but she soon realized the poor prince's plight. Bear spoke so softly and gently, that the little girl was not frightened any more and went back with him to his

home. Bear took her to his mother, Amata, who loved the little girl at once and decided to bring her up as her own daughter.

The girl's name was Violet and she told the queen that she had run away from her cruel stepmother. She stayed at the cottage with Bear and the two children grew up together and loved each other dearly.

Through the long Summer days they played together in the

woods and for Bear the days passed more swiftly now that he had a companion. They never dragged by as they had done before, when he was alone and had no one to play with.

One day, Bear and Violet were playing in the woods. Bear was chasing after a squirrel and Violet was playing by a brook, when a huge, ugly toad jumped out of the water. The toad seized Violet by the foot and tried to drag her into the brook. Violet's screams brought Bear running to find her and he jumped straight into the water and pulled Violet from the grip of the ugly toad. The toad turned and spat at him and some of her poisonous venom fell on him. At first he noticed no ill effects, but when they got home Bear fell ill and Violet sat at his bedside weeping.

As she wept, she heard a bird singing and when she turned, she saw a lark perched on the window-sill. "I am the Good Fairy," trilled the lark. "The toad who tried to take you away was the Wicked Fairy, who wishes nothing but evil on Bear and his family. If you want to save Bear's life, you must kiss him three times on the left ear."

Violet did as the fairy had

told her and Bear grew well at once.

As time passed, they forgot about the Wicked Fairy and played happily in the woods as they had before. One day Bear had gone on ahead and Violet was running to catch him up when a big boar charged at Violet, out of the bushes. She hid behind a tree, as it rushed to attack her and Bear, hearing her cries for help, came running back and threw himself at the boar. The animal threw poor Bear to the ground and would have killed him, but just then a lark dived down and attacked the boar. It was the Good Fairy in disguise and the boar, who had been sent by the Wicked Fairy, recognised the



lark and ran for his life into the bushes.

After that, Bear would not allow Violet out of his sight, for he was afraid that the Wicked Fairy might carry her away. Then, one night, the cottage in which they lived caught fire. Queen Amata, Violet and Bear's old nurse would have all been burnt if Bear had not carried them one by one to safety in his strong arms.

"This is the third time that dear Bear has saved my life," said Violet to Queen Amata. "Is there nothing I can do for him in return?"

"Alas, my dear child, there is only one thing you can do for Bear," replied the queen, "and I am afraid that is too much to ask of you."

"Please tell me what it is," replied Violet, "for however hard it is I shall do it for him. He is so kind and good."

Then the queen told Violet about the Wicked Fairy's spell and how it could only be broken by someone who loved Bear enough to change heads and wear the bear's head.

"I would not even be alive now if it were not for Bear," said Violet. "I shall ask the Good Fairy how I can change

heads, so that I shall wear the bear's head and the prince will return to normal."

The Good Fairy appeared in her carriage, drawn by three white swans. "Are you sure you love Bear enough to make this great sacrifice for him? Think carefully before you decide, my dear," she said.

"Oh, yes," said Violet, "I would do anything for Bear." The Good Fairy touched her with her magic wand and Violet's face and neck were covered with thick, shaggy hair. Her head had turned into a bear's. At the same moment, Bear himself was changed into a handsome youth with fair, smooth skin.

There was a peal of thunder and the carriage of the Wicked Fairy came rushing to the ground, drawn by three huge, coal-black ravens. She let out an ugly scream when she saw Bear, transformed into a handsome prince and Violet with the bear's head. She had believed that no one could love Bear enough to wear his ugly head and she was too late to stop it.

The Good Fairy turned to the Wicked Fairy and tapped her with her magic wand. "Your spell has been broken for good,"

she said. "You no longer have any power here."

The Wicked Fairy gave a horrible cackle. Then she seemed to shrivel up and quite suddenly she turned into a horrible toad and went hopping away, screeching.

"You need never worry about her again," said the Good Fairy. "She has been defeated and she will never again have any power to harm anyone." She took a bottle of silver liquid and poured it on to Violet's head and neck. As the liquid touched her, the thick fur fell off and Violet became a beautiful girl again.

Bear was able to return to his father's kingdom as a hand-

some prince. No one ever called him Bear again. He was always known by his real name of Prince Wondrous and the first thing he did when he returned to the kingdom was to marry Violet and make her a real princess.





FREE ME!

Long ago there lived a scholar who was a great favourite at the court. He was always telling the king tales of great men who had sacrificed all to become recluses and hermits in life. The king began to feel agitated by all these accounts and one day said to the scholar, "Sir, I seek release from the worldly chains that blind me. You must help me to attain salvation. If you fail I shall have you beheaded."

The scholar quivered with fright at these words. How could he help a ruling monarch to attain salvation? The fear of the consequences of his failure haunted him and he spent a

sleepless night. His young daughter, a bright-eyed girl asked him why he looked so worried, and the scholar explained the king's strange command to her. She thought about the problem and then said, "Father, take me to the court tomorrow and I'll satisfy the king."

Next day, the scholar took his daughter to the court. He noticed that she carried a string of rope with her. Though he wondered a little he did not ask her about it.

Arriving at the court, the scholar began to regale the king and the courtiers with

stories from mythology. In the meanwhile, the young girl ran to a pillar and after tying herself to it with the help of the rope began to scream with all her might.

Startled the king looked back, and the girl cried out, "Free me, free me."

A guard ran up to the pillar and untied the rope. But still the girl cried out loudly, "Free me, free me." Then she entwined her hands about the pillar and went on repeating the words.

The king got angry at her conduct and exclaimed angrily, "What foolishness is this? The rope has been untied. Yet you hold on to the pillar and shout for help. Are you mad?"

At once the girl stopped shr-

ieking and replied, "Sire, we are both fools."

The whole court was aghast to hear the little girl reply thus. The scholar trembled in fear for well he knew the king's wrath. The king himself looked grim at the impudence of the girl.

She said, "Sire, you cling to your territories and riches and power, and yet you want salvation. You want someone to tell you how to be free from worldly bondage. If you really hated this life, who is to prevent you from renouncing everything and going out?"

The king was ashamed for his folly and was thrilled to hear such words of deep wisdom from a small girl. He apologised for his conduct and heaped presents on the scholar.



THE TEST

Once two bachelors set out on a journey. In the course of their wanderings they came to an inn. They decided that one of them would pay for the food. But which one? So they decided on a test to determine who should pay the bill. One would ask the other a question and if the latter failed to answer then he would have to pay. Of course after the former had given the correct answer.

The first one asked, "Why is it that there is no mud before the pig?"

The second fellow said, "I

don't know. Give the answer if you can."

The first fellow said, "Easy. That pig dug its way out of the earth."

The second fellow quickly asked, "But how did it go into the earth in the first place?"

The first fellow said, "This is your question, answer it yourself."

Naturally the questioner was nonplussed because he did not know the answer at all. So he had to pay for the food both had taken at the inn.





Yudhishtira lost no time in paying his gratitude and prayers to Krishna, the real force behind his victory and his ascension to the throne. Then he spoke to his brothers: "You have suffered for long in the forests and on the battleground. Now that we have emerged victorious, you may go to rest for some days. We will meet again."

With Dhritarashtra's permission, Yudhishtira allotted Duryodhana's castle, with all the attendants, to Bhima. Dushasana's house was given to Arjuna and the residences of Durmashana and Durmukha went to Nakula and Sahadeva. Krishna and Satyaki resided with Arjuna.

A few days later Yudhishtira went to Krishna and said, "Kingdom and glory are mine, no doubt. Still there is no peace in my mind. I am afraid, I have done something wrong. You alone can remove my doubt."

Krishna silently reflected for a while and then said, "The wisest of men is Bhishma. He is still lying on the bed of arrows, waiting for death. All his wisdom will be lost to the world the moment he dies. Go to him immediately and get your doubts cleared by him. Let his wisdom be available to the world through you."

Said Yudhishtira, "My thoughts are the same as yours

about Bhishma. Please lead me to his presence. He must be desiring to see you too."

Krishna called Satyaki and asked him to prepare the chariot for a visit to Bhishma. Soon there were several chariots on the road, the first one carrying Krishna and Satyaki, the second one with Yudhishtira and Arjuna, the third with Bhima, Nakula and Sahadeva, followed by other chariots carrying Kripacharya, Yuyutsa and Sanjaya.

They saw, on their way, five pools. Krishna told Yudhishtira that they had been made by Parasurama who had undertaken furious journeys across the world twentyone times, killing Kshatriyas. When all these pools had been filled up with the blood of his victims, he performed the funereal rites of his father with that blood. Only then did his anger subside.

Upon Yudhishtira's request, Krishna narrated the history of Parasurama.

Gadhi was the scion of the family of Jahnana, a sagely king of yore. He had a daughter named Satyavathi, but no son. Satyavathi was married to Richwika, the son of Bhrigu. Richwika, with his spiritual power, prepared some food and divid-

ing it into two portions, gave them to Satyavathi, saying, "Give this portion to your mother and eat the other portion yourself. A powerful son will be born of your mother who destroy the Kshatriyas and become a king. A son, calm and serene, will be born of you."

Satyavathi's parents reached there soon thereafter, on their way to some places of pilgrimage. Satyavathi brought out the magic food before her mother. Both of them ate the food, but in their hurry, Satyavathi ate the portion meant for her mother and her mother ate the portion meant for Satyavathi. On his return from the forest Richwika learnt of their mistake and told Satyavathi, "Your mother will give birth to a Brahmin and of you will be born a terrible Kshatriya."

Satyavathi was much upset. She pleaded with her husband, "Please apply your spiritual power and see that no terrible son is born of me. I cannot tolerate such a son. If a cruel soul must be born, then let it be my son's son." Richwika promised to do the needful. So Satyavathi gave birth to Jamadagni, a quiet-natured son. Of her mother was born Viswa-

mitra. Parasurama was the son of this Jamadagni. Doing penance on the mount Gandhamadhana, Parasurama satisfied Mahadeva and obtained from him many powerful weapons including an axe.

Around that time Kartaviryaryuna, a prince of the Haihaya family, appeased the god Datatreya and by the Lord's boon developed a thousand hands. He defeated all the kings and proclaimed himself the king of kings. Once, as a result of his mischief, the forest inside which was situated the Ashram of Bashistha, caught fire. Bashistha cursed him, "Just as you have destroyed my Ashram, so will your thousand hands be destroyed by Parasurama." Kartaviryaryuna heard of the curse, but was not afraid.

It was his son, Ghamandi, who was responsible for bringing about a quarrel between him and Parasurama. While wandering aimlessly, he entered Parasurama's Ashram and stole his sacred cow and her calf. Parasurama got furious. He cut down Kartaviryaryuna's thousand hands and recovered his cow and the calf.

But Kartaviryaryuna's men were in the look out for an



opportunity to avenge this insult. One day, while Parasurama was away, they invaded his Ashram and beheaded his father Jamadagni. It was thereupon that Parasurama took the oath to destroy all the Kshatriyas. He not only killed Kartaviryaryuna, his father and his son, but any Kshatriya who came on his way. He continued in his mission for a long time.

When his rage was satisfied, he retired into a forest and sat in meditation. But one day Paravasu, the son of Viswamitra, appeared before him and provoked him, "You had pro-



mised to kill all the Kshatriyas. But you failed to fulfil your promise. There are many Kshatriyas still going strong. How do you rest leaving your work incomplete?"

Parasurama took up his weapon and set out again. This time he did not spare even the old and infant among the Kshatriyas. He even killed children in their mother's wombs. After twentyone rounds he thought the world was entirely devoid of Kshatriyas. He made a gift of the world which he had conquered to Kashyapa.

Kashyapa, accepting the gift, said, "Parasurama! I will allow

you only space enough for sitting down and meditating." But Kashyapa himself did not rule the world either. He made a gift of it to the Brahmins and retired for penance. The Brahmins failed to rule the world properly. Cruelty and chaos spread everywhere.

When Kashyapa heard of the condition of the world, he searched for Kshatriyas to make them rulers again. Soon he came across many Kshatriyas. Some children of the Haihaya family had been hidden by their mothers. Biduratha of the family of the Purus had escaped into the Ruksha mountains. Parashara had saved a Kshatriya named Soudas. Shibi's son too had survived the holocaust. Vatsa, son of Pratardha, was also alive. Gautma had given shelter to a Kshatriya named Gupta. Brihadratha too had been spared. The sea had protected the sons of the Maruts. Soon they emerged into light and their families increased.

Kashyapa gathered these Kshatriyas and allotted them lands and the authority to rule. Thus new ruling dynasties were established all over the world.

After learning all about Parasurama from Krishna, Yudhishtira went to meet Bhishma. The auspicious time when Bhishma would die was approaching. Still he welcomed Yudhishtira and told him, "To kill the enemy in the battlefield is perfectly in accordance with the princely duties." Bhishma went on enumerating many subtle principles and laws till the last moment of his life. Then he closed his eyes and expired.

Something strange happened while all looked on. As the spirit left the various parts of Bhishma's body gradually, the arrows fell off his body one by one.

The Pandavas, along with Vidura, arranged his funeral pyre with choice woods and perfumery. The dead body was covered with a white sheet and flowers. With deep reverence they lifted the body and placed it on the pyre, with Dhritarashtra holding Bhishma's legs. After the body was burnt they went to the Ganges and Yudhishtira performed the necessary rites.

Yudhishtira suddenly broke into tears. Krishna asked Bhima to console him. But looking at Yudhishtira all his



brothers too began to weep. Dhritarashtra addressed Yudhishtira, "It is for me and Gandhari to weep, not for you. We have lost one hundred sons. You have won the kingdom. The burden of grave duties sit heavy on your shoulders. You cannot afford to sit down and cry."

Vyasa inspired Yudhishtira to perform *Aswamedha Yagna* which would make him the king of kings.

Yudhishtira replied, "Oh sage, such a ceremony requires a huge amount of wealth, for I have to give numerous gifts to numerous people. I am not in

favour of giving small doles. And at the moment I have no wealth for distributing big gifts. You must be knowing the misery of the subjects due to a long period of chaos. I cannot ask them for taxes and tributes."

But Vyasa told him how to get the necessary wealth. Long ago, the king Marutta had bestowed heavy gifts on the Brahmins at the conclusion of a ceremony. The Brahmins had deposited the wealth on the Himalayas. That wealth could now be collected and used.

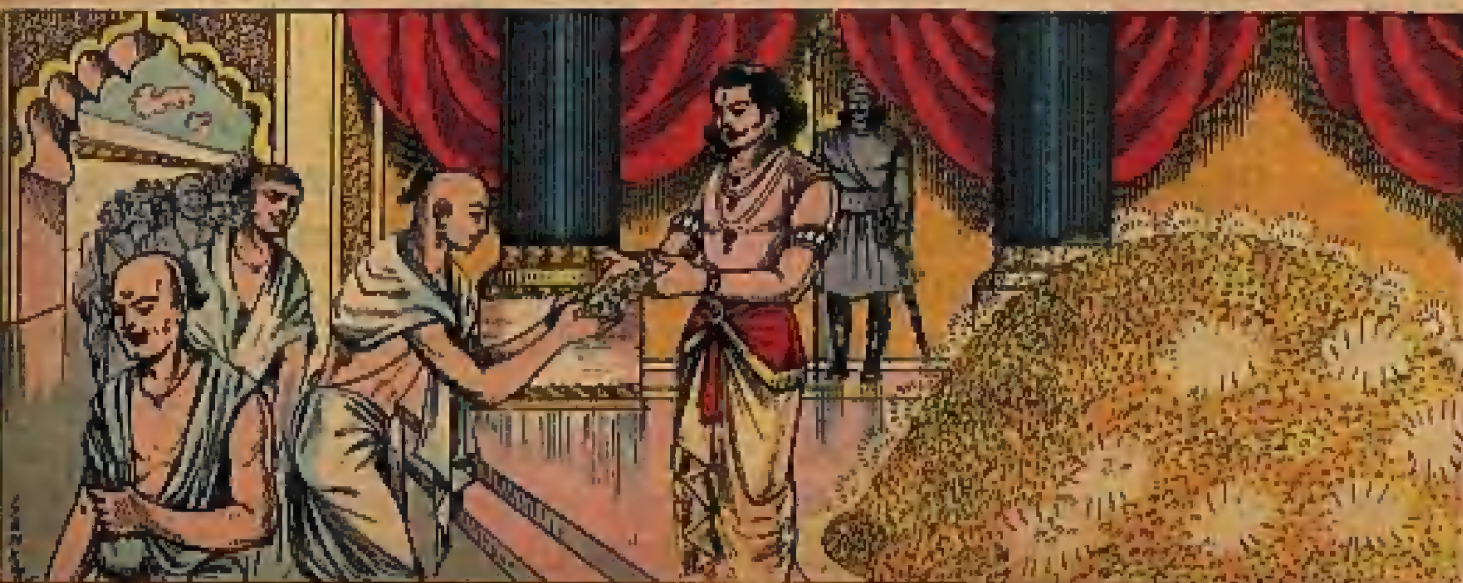
Yudhishthira expressed his desire to know more about Marutta. Vyasa narrated: "Many ages ago there was a king named Karandha in the family of Manu. He performed the *Aswamedha Yagna* with Brihaspati as the priest. His glory was compared to that of Indra.

His son Marutta excelled him in virtues. In order to perform a *Yagna*, he prepared a thousand gold vessels. All other equipments which were necessary for the *Yagna* were also made of gold.

The *Yagna* was performed near the mountain Meru, to the north of the Himalayas, where it was attended by many kings.

Brihaspati was to act as the priest. But Indra, being envious of Marutta, did not allow him to take up the assignment. Brihaspati's younger brother, Samvarta, performed the work. It was a gala affair. Marutta gave great quantities of gold to the Brahmins. It is all there lying buried on the mountains. Go and fetch them." This is the instruction Vyasa gave to Yudhishthira.

(Contd.)





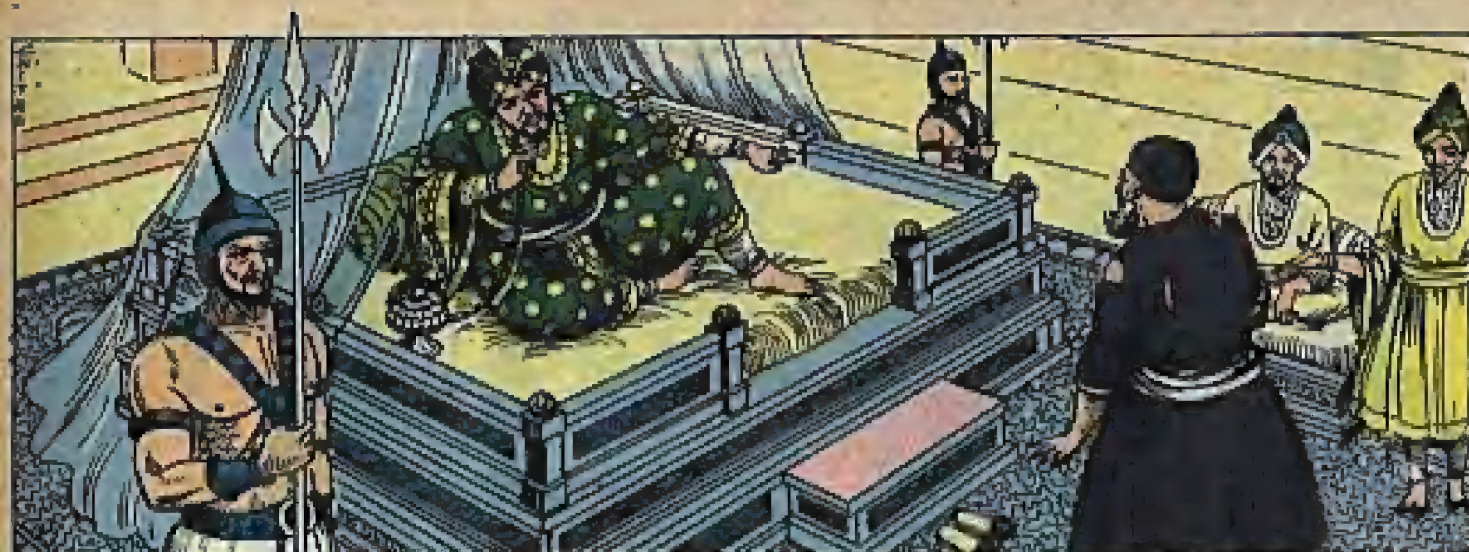
WHO IS BETTER?

Long ago the land of Persia was ruled by a renowned Badshah. Kamal and Harun were his two advisers. Harun was the better of the two. So Kamal became jealous of him. Matters were made worse when the Badshah praised Harun to the skies. Kamal was always plotting to bring about the downfall of the talented Harun. He could not kill him secretly because the people loved Harun and he was always surrounded by loyal friends. So Kamal waited and watched for an opportunity to slight and humiliate Harun.

Once the palace guards caught an offender and brought him to the court. The Badshah

sentenced the prisoner to death. Heartbroken at this punishment the criminal who maintained that he was innocent abused the Badshah roundly. As the sovereign could not hear properly, he asked Harun what he said. So Harun said, "Sire, this man says that God loves the meek and the humble. By cutting off his head, you are killing an innocent man. Surely the king will not be able to wash away the stain of this sin."

Kamal, who was waiting for such an opportunity got up hastily and said, "Sire, I am a true and loyal servant. I can never lie to you. But Harun whom you regard so highly has just now lied to you. This



criminal was abusing you in the vilest of language. Command me to tear his tongue out."

The Badshah looked searchingly at Kamal and said sharply, "Kamal, I prefer Harun's lie to your truth. Harun lied with the good intention of saving a man's life, whereas you spoke

out of jealousy and a desire to discredit Harun. You seek to harm others whereas Harun, wants to help."

Poor Kamal was crestfallen. Unable to live with the shame of being found out, he left the land, never to return.

WONDERS WITH COLOURS

Follow the left and colour the right.





ON BEING HUMANE

When the King of Virpur died, his son Balasimha ascended the throne. As he was very young, his experience of the world was little. So the royal priest said, "My, lord! those who rule should know how much of humanity there is in man. I'll tell you more about this later."

One day a royal spy came to the king and said, "Sire, I was passing through the forest when a man accosted me and said, 'Quick, get up the tree, a tiger is coming this way'. So I climbed the tree. A little later, a tiger passed that way. Then we got down from the tree."

The priest asked the spy, "Did the man who warned you carry any weapons?"

The spy said, "Yes, he had."

The High Priest said, "Sire, That man did not have much humanity in him. Though he warned about the presence of the tiger, he did not attempt to protect others by killing it. He was only intent on saving himself."

Some days later another man came to the court and said, "Sire, there is a wealthy man who had a servant. He would ill-treat the latter. One day he was whipping him for some minor fault. A certain passer-by objected to this. So the wealthy man said, 'He is my bonded slave. I have the bond here to prove that he is so. I'll do what I want with my slave'."

The passer-by snatched the

bond from his hands and tore it up. Then he said to the servant, "Friend, go your way. You are now free."

The priest listening to all this said, "Sire, that rich man had no humanity. He was cruel. As for the passer-by he had some humanity in him. But he should have thought of the servant's future before freeing him."

Some time afterwards a few merchants came to complain about a bandit who had robbed them of their goods. But the bandit had spared their lives saying, "If I kill these, then there will be no one left for me to rob."

When the High Priest heard this, he said, "That Bandit had a lot of humanity in him. It is only his dastardly profession that prevents him from being completely humane."

A few days later, a royal guard ushered in two people to the king's presence. One was rich. The other was poor. The guard said, "Sire, this rich man pushed the poor man into the river. I jumped after them but the poor man managed to save the rich man."

The angry king asked the rich man, "Why did you push this man into the waters?"

The rich man replied, "Sire, this man is my neighbour. I





took away his land from him. I set fire to his cottage. Today he saw me near the river and asked why I had treated him like that. I got angry and pushed him into the river. But I lost my balance and fell into the river. As I did not know how to swim I was in danger of drowning. But he saved me."

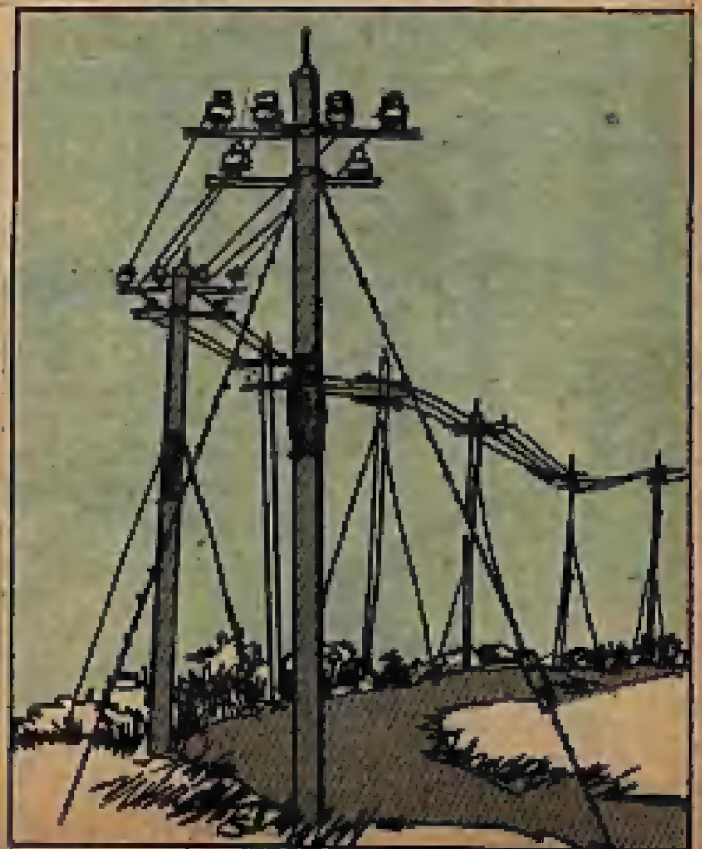
Then the priest said, "Sire,

this poor man is full of humanity. The quality of compassion in him is such that even a cruel man has had a complete change of heart. He is the most humane of all the persons. Unless you are humane you cannot convert the wicked ones into righteous people."

Balasimha now realised what humanity meant.

WHY ARE THERE CUPS ON TELEPHONE POLES?

You might have seen telephone and electric lighting wires on wooden cross-pieces at the tops of very tall poles. These wires do not actually rest on the wood, but are fixed to white objects rather like teacups stood upside-down. There is a very good reason for this. The wires are made of copper and, were they to touch any object that is a conductor of electricity, the current would fail and there could be no telephone calls or electric light. To overcome this, the wires are fixed to the 'cups' (called insulators) which are made of porcelain and do not conduct electricity.



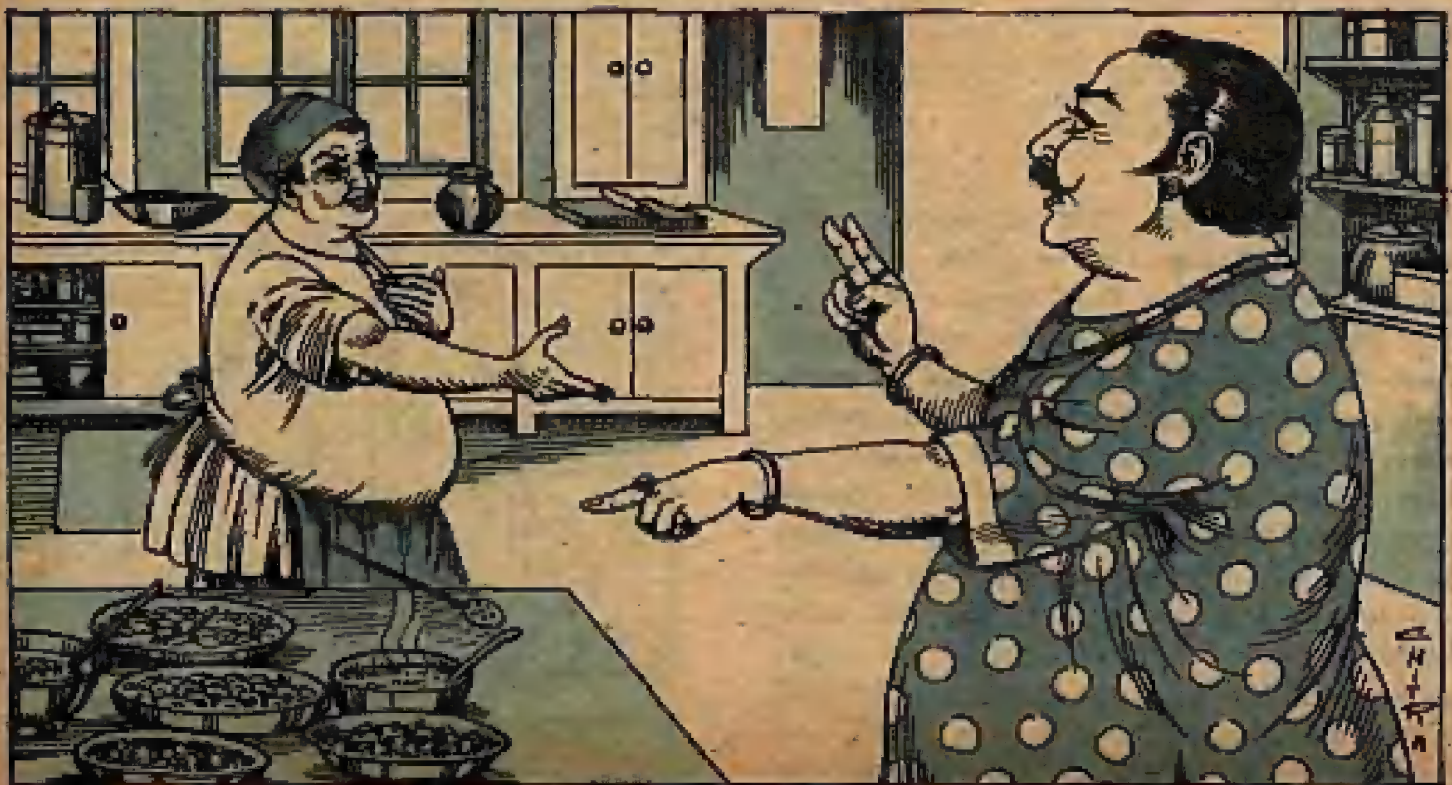
I HAVE NOT LOST MY JOB

In a certain king's court there was an official against whom a number of charges were brought. After enquiring into these, the king dismissed the corrupt official from his service.

When the official was in service, he always had a royal repast at his table. His chef cooked for him a sumptuous meal consisting of two kinds of fish, two kinds of soup and meat. Now that he had lost his job, the official thought he must cut down on his expenses. So he told the chef to make

only one fish, and one of everything else.

At the end of the month, the official was surprised to find that the expenses, far from coming down, remained the same. So he went into the kitchen and saw that two of everything had been prepared, two kinds of fish, soup and meat. He called the chef and asked him what he meant by deceiving him like that. The chef said, "I have not yet lost my job. So two of everything for me. For you, one of everything because you have no job."





HUNGER AND PATIENCE

Once upon a time, a certain beggar not getting any alms on his daily rounds in his village went to the nearby town. He came to a big mansion and enquired from the servants whether he could be given some food. The servants of the mansion took him to their master who told them, "Take this gentleman to that room. Give him water to wash. Then seat him on that chair and let him eat to his heart's content."

The servants took the beggar to a corner and pretended to pour water for him to wash. At once the beggar thought that the rich man was a hypocrite who was out to deceive him. But he kept his feelings to him-

self and tolerated the farce that was going on.

Soon he sat down to eat, and the chef pretended to pour food on an imaginary plate. The rich man said, "Hello there, give the gentleman more soup and curry!" Of course all this was an elaborate pretence. The beggar was ravenously hungry. But he pretended as though he was enjoying himself.

From time to time, he paused in his eating to remark that the soup was excellent, the curry quite tasteful and so on. When the imaginary meal ended, the beggar belched loudly to show his appreciation of the wonderful fare served to him. Then



he said to the rich man, "Sir, I thank you for a wonderful feast. Haven't eaten like this in ages. Thank you, Thank you very much."

As he was about to leave, the rich man's wife who was hiding nearby came out laughing and said, "Sir, don't go. What you had so far was only an imaginary feast. Now we'll give you a real one."

When the beggar looked non-plussed at this, she explained,

"You see, my husband and I had a bet. My husband said that no man could withstand the pangs of hunger. I said that a really patient man could withstand the severest hunger. We decided to test this for ourselves. You came along and proved that I was right."

Hearing this the beggar heaved a sigh of relief and for the second time that day sat down to do justice to a feast—a real one this time.

WHAT IS ASBESTOS?

This is a fibre which comes from rocks as hard as granite. It is thought that chemical action over millions of years changed certain volcanic rock into a substance that contained a great deal of water. As the water dried up, cracks left in the rock became filled with fibres. The fibres are treated for use in the making of a variety of articles, especially those made to withstand great heat. Asbestos does not conduct heat and will not burn.

India has limited resource of asbestos, mainly in Andhra Pradesh, Bihar, Mysore and Rajasthan. In India it is available in two forms—Crysolite and Tremolite.





VERDICT OF YASASKARA

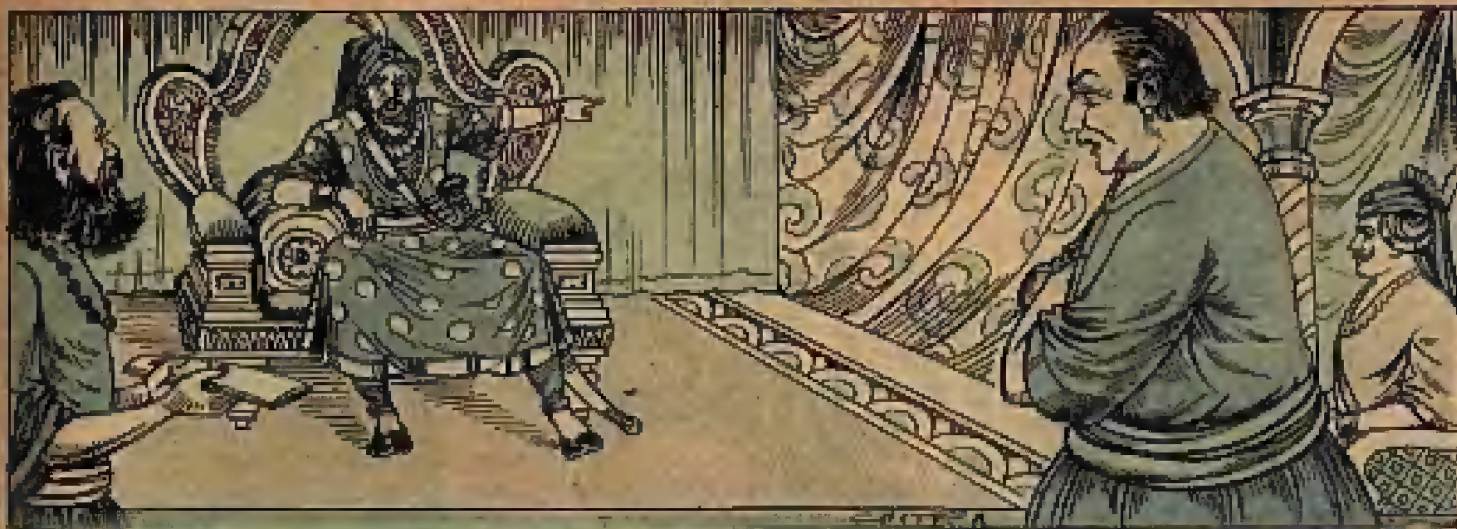
Long ago, the lovely valley of Kashmir was ruled by a tyrant. His tyrannical rule disgusted the people so much that at last they rose in revolt and ousted him from the throne. A poor Brahmin named Yasaskara was elected to rule instead.

Yasaskara was a wise ruler and his measures benefited the people enormously. He appointed several officers to deal with the complaints of the people. One day he learnt that a certain man had undergone a fast with some grievance. So the king called the complainant and asked him to relate his woes.

The man said, "Sire, once I was a very rich man. But I fell into debts and unable to pay

back my creditors, I sold my house but left the well to my wife. Then I left the town to earn my living. When I got back I found my wife in tatters and starving. The new owner had prevented her from using the well. I appealed to the courts and the decision went against me. As God is my witness, I have justice on my side. Therefore, I am undergoing a fast unto death."

Yasaskara sent for the new owner who showed the king the deed of sale. In it the well was shown as part of the house. The king seemed satisfied that the deed was in order. But he ordered his guards to bring all the books of accounts belonging



to the new owner. When the books were brought to the court, the king examined them in detail. In one book there was an entry to the effect that a thousand gold pieces were paid to the clerk for arranging the purchase of the house. The king summoned the clerk and said in a stern voice, "Fellow, tell me the truth. Did you take a thousand gold pieces for helping to buy the house?"

The poor clerk stammered,

"Yes, Sire. The new owner agreed to pay me the money if I included the well in the deed. I did what he asked me to do."

At once the king gave his verdict. He ordered that the house be confiscated and returned to the original owner.

The new owner who had cheated was sent into exile and the clerk was sentenced to a long term in the prison. All the court sang the praise of the king who was wise and just.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

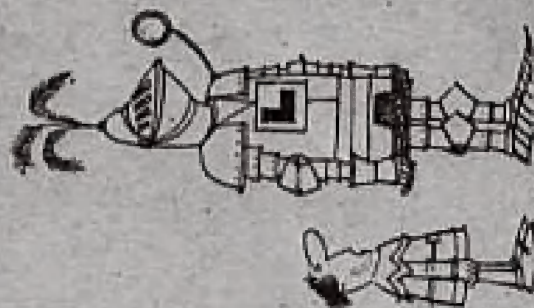
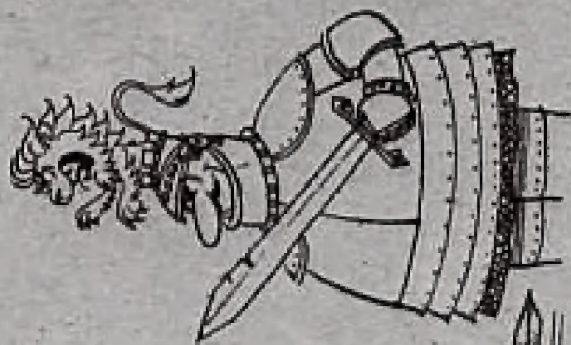
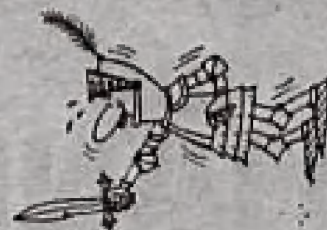
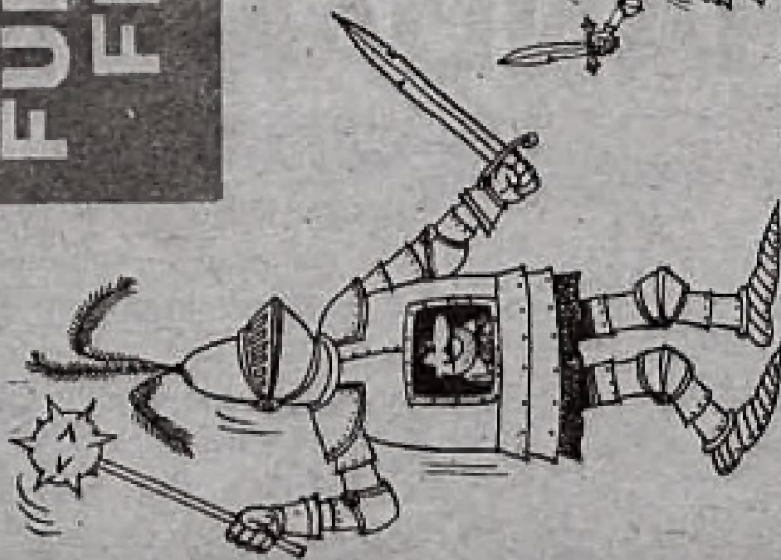
ANSWERS

1. Romulus and Remus; 2. Atlanta; 3. Mercury; 4. The Gorgons; 5. Olympus; 6. Polyphemus; 7. Jason; 8. Twenty years; 9. Scheherazade; 10. Perseus; 11. Bellerophen; 12. The Minotaur; 13. Midas; 14. Twelve; 15. The Phoenix; 16. Pandora; 17. Jupiter; 18. Siegfried

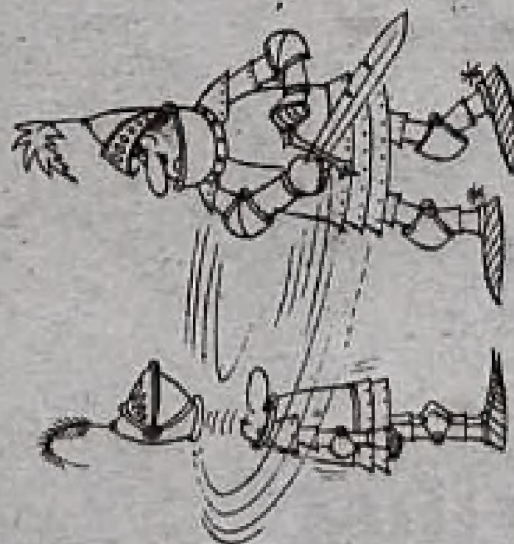


"So that's why they call him 'Fowl' Sir Jasper!"

FUN with FIDDY



"And don't forget to look in your rear mirror before moving off."



"Missed!"



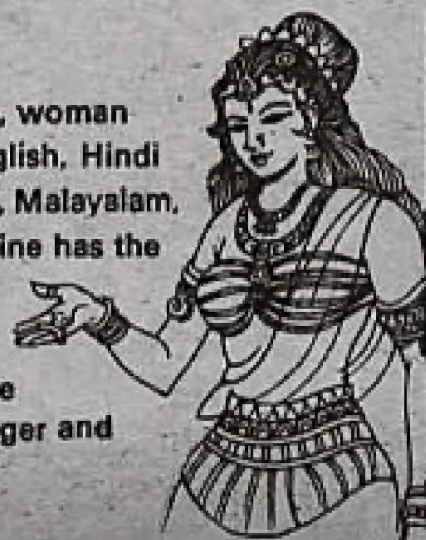
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Give her
self-confidence

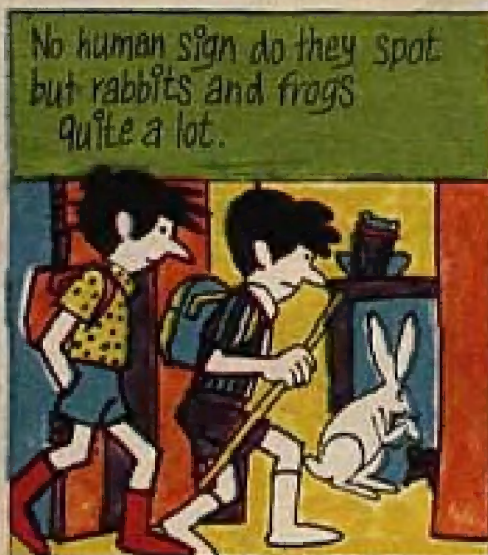
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